

AN
ELEGIE

*The meekest of Men,
On The most glorious of Princes,
The most Constant of Martyrs,*

CHARLES the I. &c.

for Barbara



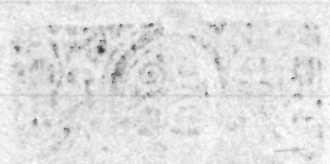
Printed in the Yeare, 1649.

THE GILF

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NOTE

Printed in the Year 1840.



A N E L E G I E, &c.

Most cruell men,

CAn you a winged soules swift flight restraine,
And lure her to her widowed home againe?
Or bound the wandrings of the floating blood?

And to his purple channell charme his flood?

Can you a gasping hearts false heat repaire,

And into breath coyne the unfashion'd ayre?

Can you unweave the Nerves, then twist their thred,

And to th'unravell'd corps re-fit the head?

Who can doe lesse then this, should feare to kill:

Best pulling down is by a Builder still.

But coole debates you can embrace no more

Then *Cesars* Lion, who his Teacher tore.

From meaner gore, and Subjects courser flood,

Your curious Treason thirsts your Princes blood:

And flesht in under-slaughter, boldly brings

Rais'd appetite to diet on your Kings.

No Epicure like thriving Murder's found:

Her Streame tastes foule, unlesse her Spring be crown'd.

But though who Thrones and Majestie betray,

As largest guilt, so reape the largest prey,

And sage projecting Hell her snares might feare,

But that she bids, high pay, and damnes some deare:

Yet few have levell'd at a Princes fall,

But such whose claime did for succession call:

Whose bordering title tyr'd to be kept downe,

Cast traines lesse for his ruine, then his Crowne.

But here the desperate Rebell strikes at sway,
 Not for who shall succeed, but that none may :
 Deeming the crime lesse daring, of lesse hight
 To ravish Scepters, then to break them quite:
 As if an ampler beame of pow'r were hurl'd
 To hatch a Chaos, then create a world.

No shie concealment leads this murder in ;
 That were too much the Modesty of sin.

No closet-ambush, unsuspected pill,
 No mingled cup, no secret drug must kill,
 Successe hath rais'd them up to opner crimes,
Rolfe was an Instrument for doubtfull times.

A mock Tribunal's built, a pageant Court,
 Which but for matchlesse crimes, might passe for sport,
 So fraile and lawlesse ; Faith hath no defence
 To credit, 'tis at all but insolence.

No fond *Romançe*, no fam'd *Arcadia* treats,
 Of such Eutopian, frantick Judgement Seates :
 At whose dire black decrees, we wondring stand,
 As some pale Ghoasts dim taper, and cold hand
 Did waft us through the shades, untill he brings
 Where Fairie Traytors murder aery Kings :
 While slumbring we invoke the mornings light,
 To chase the Legend-vision from our sight.

High in this dreame, in this phantastick Bench,
 Bold apparition *Bradshaw* doth intrench.
 One whom the genuine Bar did seldome see,
 Whose obscure tongue scarce boasts a seven years Fee.
 Whose Lungs are all his Law, whose pleading noise,
 And silence, dearer then discreeter voice.
 Whose conscience weares a face for every dresse ;
 Religion justifies the Savages.
 Faction'd, and byas'd, for who gives most faire,
 Camelion through, onely not hir'd with Aire.

Whose

Whose insolence no presence can relaxe,
 Whose carriage wounds his *King* worse then the *Axe*.

This needy Oratour, now richer drest,
 And higher plac'd, is Image still at best :
 Who though from hell, he his glib dictates hold,
 As Satan talk't i'th' Idols tongues of old ;
 Yet the close drift of this bright pomp and shrine,
 Is nor the Devill, nor He, but worse designe.

The Ephesian work-men great *Diana* made,
 Not for *Diana's* sake, but their own trade.
 Our Soveraignes sighes, the Peoples louder groane
 Is not black Incense burnt to *Bell* alone,
 But strow their Altars round, and we shall meet
 An undistinguisht rapines numerous feet.

The Bloudy *Rebels* conscious of their slaine,
 Like the first murderer, the guilty *Caine*.
 Though just Remorse lookes nobler then offence,
 Prefer continuance to penitence.

Weigh crimes 'gainst mercies, down the Balance beare,
 Much with their sins, but most with their despaire.
 Their own pale feares arme to this desperate thrust,
 Their *King* can pardon, but they cannot trust.

The haughty Tygers dare the Lyons spight,
 And force bold inrodes through their Soveraignes right ;
 But if retireing from incroaching pride,
 They make their proper confines bound their tide :
 A faithfull truce is struck, peace shuts in warres,
 And fresh assurance springs ev'n from their jarres ;
 One equall desert shrowds their pastime still,
 And each intrust their slumbers to one hill.

But jealous guilt, nor fence, nor safety hath :
 A *Rebell* is a Tiger without faith.
 But though stung conscience presse to be secure,
 And would be wary when she can't be sure ;

Yet oft she most encounters what she flies,
 And all her ruine in her Refuge lies.
 For had their Foes conspir'd, and fram'd a pit,
 Whose traine, whose deepest artifice should hit :
 They none so speeding, none so fleet could bring,
 As what them selves have shap'd, their slaughter'd King.

By this, they naked lie to weakest eyes,
 And quit their ablest guard, their long disguise ;
 Whose strength like mens in ambush, still hath been,
 Not from their strength, but cause their strength's unseen.

Whom shall they combat now in's own defence,
 And whom bring home onely by driving hence ?
 Whom shall they disobey to serve his will ?
 Whom shall their Canon court, and humbly kill ?
 Whose omnipresence space shall reconcile ;
 Be here, and yet be hence a hundred mile ?
 Whose doubtfull seal shall, while it is betwaine,
 And burnt from phenix-cinders bud againe ?

They, whose thick vowes, exalted hearts and eyes,
 High as the skies, and stable as the skies ;
 Who know their lives are fraile, short recompence,
 And cheap oblation weigh'd with conscience :
 Will now no longer gorge their venomous pils,
 Nor by elusions steere enlightned wils ;
 Nor prize the shame of finding former sin
 At the sad rate of wading farther in.
 But haste returnes as vigorous as mistake,
 And hate the gastly dreame the more they wake :
 No longer brook a *Tyler* or a *Cade*,
 Those *Dung-hill Tyrants* whom themselves have made :
 Which like dire comets mounted in the aire,
 Raine plagues on earth, whose vapours plac't them there.

They find this hot impatience 'gainst the throne,
 Is by its embers but to light their owne.

Like

Like him, who rais'd his Gods adored head,
To make his owne blaspheme it in the stead.

Hence their Agreement, chaines and shackles throwes,
As not what we Agree, but they impose ;
Gilding the peircing'st flames with specious smoake,
Glossing it our consent, which is their yoake.

Were their dark arts soft as their glistering shewes,
Did their throng'd chapplets scatter nought but Rose :
Did they a Freedome give, was ours before,
Which the *Kings* slaughter were but to restore ,
Yet the Acceptance ought to prove ours still,
And none obtrude a blisse against our will :
'Tis not a Liberty we needs must have,
And he is only free, who may be slave.

Nay, were't our keene request, and eager cry,
It might so fall, 'twere nobler to deny ;
Their bounty, us might to our ruine arme,
And better not bestow, then give to harme :
Who weapons one, who seekes himselfe to kill,
Bestowes a murder, and a Liberall Ill.

And such is theirs, and worse, for they afford
Not only meanes to kill, but prompt the Sword.
Mens phrensie bated now, and could endure
To hear of physick, though 'twere far from cure ;
When cruell they break in, and crying, save,
Intombe the *Nation* in their *Soveraignes* grave.

The Heathen *Brutus* did at murder stay,
Who, though he durst eject, he durst not slay :
His bare deposing too, no shelter brings,
But that it fastned on the wroft of *Kings* :
The Publick curse had blasted all his praise,
Had his attempt been up ere *Tarquins* dayes.

Where shall they build their plea, who at once doe
Destroy the best of *Men*, and *Princes* too ?

Whose

(5)
Whose rooted Thrones fair growth did lesse improve
From clear unenvied claime, then Subjects love,
Whose boundlesse worth, and rate had given Him sway,
Though His descent and title were away.

And now, since virtue vice doth best descrie,
As straight shewes straightnesse and obliquitie ;
His prudent sway, her beauty best affords,
Drawn out, and shadowed by *usurping Lords*.
Whose early first decree so loath'd hath stood,
By framers guilt, and injur'd *Straffords* Blood.
Who suppl'd Lawes, and gag'd them to their wills,
Not to support their Rights, but strengthen Ills.
No resolves steady, no vote tumult strong,
But ratified, or cancell'd by th' next throng :
Such floating levities their coine disgrac't,
Till cheap irreverence the mint defac't.
Whence poorly conscious of their ticklish sway,
They sweat to husband and improve their day ;
Working to steer their low designs about,
Ere the next Faction shake their title out :
They lease their interest, each suffrage rent,
As the *two Houses* were their *Tenement* :
Who chaffers best, buyes mercenary throates,
Reaps plenteous harvest in the next dayes votes :
They sheare the *People*, bear their fleece away,
Not as their Orphan-wards, but happier prey ;
Place and preferments passe their market-curse,
Not to the worthiest men, but strongest purse
Succeed by families, relations scale,
Make Patriots not our *choice*, but their *Intail*
Desert, or hold their stations with the Tide :
Ruine, or *ruined*, as Factions side.
Nere *acting* right, now *suffering* this alone,
Their *Usurpation* fell with *C H A R L E S* His *Throne*.

Who

Who Antidote to all the ills of these,
 And all their poisons strict Antipodes,
 Who when his crownes soar'd highest, did ev'n then
 Remember still he was a *King* of men,
 Made their advantage compasse to his owne,
 And rankt their freedome equall with his throne.
 Ne'r checkt their *Liberty* till 't *license* stood,
 Nor askt their goods, but for their greater good.
 Who i'th'loud prejudice *five Members* fin,
 (Which hung Reforming out, but Ruine in)
 Arm'd with the Guards of unoffended State,
 Like one that would not crush it, but debate:
 Like *Titus* tamely wish'd confederates leave,
 Ask (bate his Empire) and they should receive.
 Which fertile showres of grace so thick exprest,
 They fell too weighty on their narrowed breast:
 And as the clamorous channells shallow wombe
 Would force the bounteous Sea her streames resume,
 And from his bankes doth soule contractions take,
 And for a Chrystal-flood re-payes a Lake:
 So their unsound receipt his bounty flew,
 Return'd in Poyson, what He shed in Dew.

Nor did a happier arme His gifts dispence,
 Which private threw but vast munificence:
 When hands Himselfe had rais'd would reach Him downe,
 And nerves His *Almes* had strengthened, shake His Crown.
 The Vultur's Rapine doth at Bounty stand;
 Who though she gorge the prey, she spares the hand.
 The Gyant Elephant obeyes for bread;
 And can forgoe his rage where he is fed.

Where shall unthankfull men for place intrude?

Nor *Aire* nor *Desert* shrowds *Ingratitude*.
 Yet as the equall Sun ore all doth tend,
 Though some use light onely to see t'offend:

And both the barren Bramble and the Flow'r
 Partake the juice o'th' undistinguish'd showre :
 Because the teeming Clouds descending flood
 Designs the *many* onely, not the *good* :
 So His impartiall bountie Blessings threw,
 Nor did the *Recompence*, but *Gift* pursue.

His *Temperance* might an *Anchorite* rigour tell,
 And make the *Pallace* Standard to the *Cell*.
 Not that its Lawes from the *thin boord* proceed,
 Where to abstaine is *Avarice* or *Need* ;
 Or that the *coursenesse* of the *cates* might please,
 Like the great *Consul* caught a parching pease,
 But from the strict chastising *Plenties* wings,
 And the severest use of highest things.
 His *Table* grasp'd the *seas*, the *earth*, the *aire*,
 Yet ne'r His *surfet* was, nor others *snare*.
 His *Bowles* massacred none, nor did inrage,
 Till *Subjects blood* the *Princes wine* asswage.
 No *Orphans* swam about his riotous cup,
 Like his who *kill'd*, but first *dranke Clytus up*.

Unbatter'd *Chastity* his reines and law,
 Firme 'gainst the lustre of all threatening thaw,
 Which though it want the checks of meane restraint,
 Where *charge* chills *sin*, and makes the goatish faint ;
 Where *Continence* is dread lest *Vice* succeed,
 And trembles at the *issue*, not the *deed* :
 Nay though 't seem fortify'd with plea, and they
 Who *sin* with Him, might seeme but to *obey*,
 At least the guilt might large allayes indure,
 Since few deny where *Scepters* doe allure :
 Or stand the vigour of a storme or rape,
 Where *He* was *King*, as by descent, so shape :
 For *He* their title had to back his *owne*,
 Who to the goodly features give the throne.

Yet

Yet all was fraile to *Him*, and soone suppress,
 Who set His *Scepter* first ore *his owne breast* :
 And that His *Crownes* be in full square combin'd,
 He made *His fourth Dominion* be *His mind*.

Not like that *Romans chaste*, but *timerous* care,
 Where to be *chaste*, was *not to see* the faire :
 Who found his breast not prooffe against the flames,
 But to escape, did bid remove the Dames.
 But as firme-sighted *Eagles* range the skies,
 And eye the Sun when strongest lustre flies ;
 So His keene manag'd view severely sees,
 Not *frailty to corrupt*, but *judge the piece*.
 And could i'th' dazeling round securely stay,
 To *blesse the Potter*, *not abuse the clay*.

Wise *Iustice*, such as mercy might dispence,
 To spare the *Men*, but punish the *offence*.
 Not to indanger *Law*, but temper *doome*,
 To kill *despaire*, and yet make none *presume*.

And here to match the births of strictest wills,
 Where *naked vertues* are but *glistering ill*s,
 He layes His ballance at the *Temple gates*,
 The *Sanctuary Shekles* are His weights.
 He quarters all *His* day with constant prayers,
 No businesse shall dispence, no pleasure dares.
 Limnes Copies to *His Court* : doth reine and hold
 By *Constancie* the *carelesse*, *Zeale* the *cold*.
 His *intent* thoughts doe their *perplext* decry,
 His *bent* knees, *stiffe*, His *sixt*, the *wandring eye*.
Humble, the *arrogant* ; His *vigorous*, *dead* ;
His awe, *irreverence* ; *affiance*, *dread* :
 Makes all *His* practice dictate this alone,
 They had *two Kings* t'obey, *Himselfe* had *one*.

But *Calme* and *Sun-shine*, undistracted ease,
 Yceld but the *Trophies* of well-order'd peace ;

But He was furnisht through, and had a stock,
As for Fates *fawne* and *courtship*, so their *shocke*.

And though some cases make the taske as great
To manage *temper*, as to master *heate*,
Though a sound prudence may deserve as well,
To *wave assaults*, as courage to *repell*;
Yet, here the generous lustre justly springs,
Lesse from the *Scepter*, then the *Sufferings*.

For as the rage of these tempestuous times
Was *His Misfortune* onely, not *His Crimes*,
(*'Lesse Socrates* the *Lightnings* blame must beare,
Because it Lightned when he took the Aire;

Or *'lesse* the drought lies still at th' *Christians* gate,
'Cause Drought and Christians were contemporate)
So His harsh draught had some ingredients mixt,
Which ne'r on Prince or Man till now were fixt.

No Agonie so temper'd, no such Cup,
Unlesse when *God* help'd *Man* to drink it up.

Where though the sufferings, rival none endure,
'Cause one so sound receiv'd so sharp a cure;

Yet we may safely give *Perswasion* this,
Those Fewes then these lesse knew they did amisse.

His *first affliction* from rude *Tumults* came,
From them the *fuell*, but elsewhere the *flame*.

Their trunk and boughs build the *instructed pile*,
But worse men light and fan the flames the while.

That waves and winds should mix united stocks
To bruise, and threaten Ships with shelves & rocks,

Provokes our *wonder* lesse then moves our *griefe*,
Because they want the sense of our *reliefe*.

Nay, were their *rage*, *designe*, and *ship-wracks*, *spleene*,
Yet there might cleare pretence, and plea be seene,

Since our *incroachments* they but pay with spight,
And doe but check usurpers of their right:

For

For words we to *commerce* and *traffick* melt,
By them is *inrode* and *invasion* felt.
But should this sea, these winds conduct their threats,
To th' awfull palace, where great Neptune sets,
Should their swell'd surge make his bent Trident grone,
And dash their foaming billowes 'gainst his Throne:
Then might *they* patterne *us*, then we might see,
That *winds* and *waves* at least are *wild as we*.

Nor was our *phrensie*, *fit*, our *aproares*, *blasts*,
Or cloud that *outs not light*, but *overcasts*;
But, like that fatall inauspicious day,
When all the lesse and larger birds of prey,
Conspir'd to force the *Eagle* from her throne,
Because her eyes were clearer then their owne:
When the vast aire seem'd to th' throng'd muster scant,
And with oppressing load the Element pant.
The injur'd *Eagle* girt in this distresse,
When reason nothing could, and force could lesse,
She armes her active plumes with swiftest spring,
Darts through their rankes, and saves her by her wing.

But *Eagles* they are well when freed from rape,
And need no *reparation* but th' *escape*:
Re-view the sun with undishonoured eye,
And build againe their towring nests as high.
But Princes *scape not*, though they are *not slaine*,
They may the *wound*, but cannot flie the *staine*.

Yet hath our mischief farther arts, and can
Distresse Him both at once, as *King* and *Man*.
Our sharp alarmes forbid his shortest stay,
He may advise for *gone*, but not *which way*.
We set His maz'd resolves at gaze, and start,
Else t'were not to *drive hence*, but *bid Depart*.
Else had our fury lessen'd of its spight,
W' had forc'd Him to a *progresse*, not a *flight*.
But like a pilot huddled up i'th' dark,
Himselfe surpris'd, and His unfurnish't bark,

Whom unexpected tempests doe constrain,
And from His harbour drive into the main:
No tackle tight, no anchor weather prooffe,
But waves invade below, and winds aloofe;
Distract and tost, not bound for any road,
Nor can returne, nor can hold out abroad.
Such was His mixt distresse; how, what, or where,
Uncertaine all, but dangers certaine were.

By this selfe-pregnant sin improves to th' full,
Affront at London, Treason growes at Hull:
A bold *repulse* succeeds perplext *abode*,
Despis'd at home, thrives to *refus'd* abroad:
Place tutours Place, on Cities Cities call,
He may not here be *safe*, nor there *at all*.

When loe the spreading mischief not content
To force up breaches in *one* element,
Invades *His Navy*, doth insulting stand
O're the joynt Trophees both of *Sea* and *Land*.
To gild this rapine for the vulgar eyes,
They chase Him through all *His* capacities;
Shift *lights* and *distances*, untill they see
Another self in Him, which is not He.
Vex *stills*, and *Crucibles*, the *furnace* ply,
To sift and draine a *Chymick Majesty*.

At last their carefull sweats auspicious how'r,
Drops *Him apart*, *distinguish't from His pow'r*.

But the afflicted quill, whose penance lies
Through all His thorns, must stories martyr rise:
What hardy plume dares register His cares?
When *forraigne* close, to sow'r *His home* affaires;
When *Ireland* charitable fame untells,
Adopts the worst of ven'mous beasts; *Rebells*.
When *Edenburge* out-villain'd *Carthage* hath,
And *Scotch* more slippery proves then *Punick Faith*,
When they can *trade* their *King*, and beat a price
For's Bloud, to ingraine their crimson Avarice.

Whilst

Whilst we un-king His Fame, de-throne's repute
 Word our artillery, and libels shoote.
 Shift His restraints, and bound him with new hedge,
 Not for *enlargement*, but *fresh pawne* and *pledge*
 To now prevailing Gaolers; snare Him with Shapes
 Of neerer ills, to prompt him to escapes.
 So the close practis'd foulers treacherous gin,
 Already seiz'd of prey, the lost bird in :
 Yet hath attendant dogs, whose disciplin'd throate;
 And busie roavings aide their threatning note ;
 Till th' feather'd pris'ner scar'd with mixt mishap,
 Un-skill'd i'th' guile of the industrious trap,
 Struggles and flings with unsuccessefull coyle,
 Till motion weaves inevitable toyle.

When varied bondages some beames afford,
 To checker *plots*, *dissembling* some accord; (troule
 Which though smooth-phras'd rough sense doth still con-
 T' *un-crowne his head*, or else *un-king His soule*.

When all of *Meniall trust*, whose cares expence
 Hearty with long experienc'd confidence,
 Pay'd diligent homage to his justest will,
 Must see their desolate rankes, and courses fill
 By rough unpractis'd home-spun Colonies
 Of *Russet Courtiers*, and *instruēted spies*,
 Whose *treacherous* attendance, and flie drift,
 Makes all their *service* but an *Officious shrift*.
 When the pure Altars sacred sons must flee
 His reverent approach, when single He
 Must both *His Priest*, and *Congregation* stand,
 Or some rash *Koraks* foule unhallowed hand
 Corrupt His virgin gums, and raise a smoake,
 Not to *appease* His deity, but *choake*.

When the *revolted Cassocks* plume their darts,
 With crooked *Sophistry's* perverted arts :
 To reason downe His faith with studied pow'r,
 And drown His soul in that confederate show'r.

To heighten these, when come, whose nobler name
 In His *declining* Banner armes their fame;
 Whom yet *ignoble envie* bent awry,
 Or *Faint Devotion*, cool'd to Indifferencie,
 Conspir'd the Churches battery; His weights,
 Took ballance from *her cause*, not from *their hates*;
 He pois'd *this calumny*, by *ponderous good*;
 Her *sole*, and yet *unconquer'd* champion stood.

When warmer onsets, like the searching ploughs,
 More fertile wounds on natures yeilding browes:
 Were not the *scar*, but *tillage* of his heart,
 Cares thriving husbandry, and fruitfull smart,
 Where what was sowne a *Crosse*, sprung up a *sheafe*,
 And *Vertue*, *Harvest*, though the *Furrow* grieve.
His glorious owne Record gave this preface,
 Which next to hallowed writ, and sacred page,
 Shall busie pious wonder, and abide
 To Christian pilgrimage the *second guide*:
 Which reconciles till now *eternall hates*
 Twixt *simple piety*, and *sumptuous States*.
 Shewes how all *Machiavell* in *Solomon* lies,
 And cunning makes men *wilely*, but not *wise*.
 Bottomes a stable Throne, whose secure chance
 Shall *steady sit*, or in *her fall* advance.

When gastly Death's astonishing Arrest
 In all her terrors, and grim wardrobe drest,
 From a greene Treaty nipt ere fully blowne,
 And soft amusements of a restored throne,
 He meets with cheerfull combat, and arm'd breath,
 A *vigorous Resignation*, not a *Death*.

When His *unlimited forgiveness* flies
 High as His *Blood's* shrill voice, and towring cryes,
 Not spun in *scanty halfe denying* prayers,
 But *Legacie obliging* to His *Heires*.

T H E E N D.

